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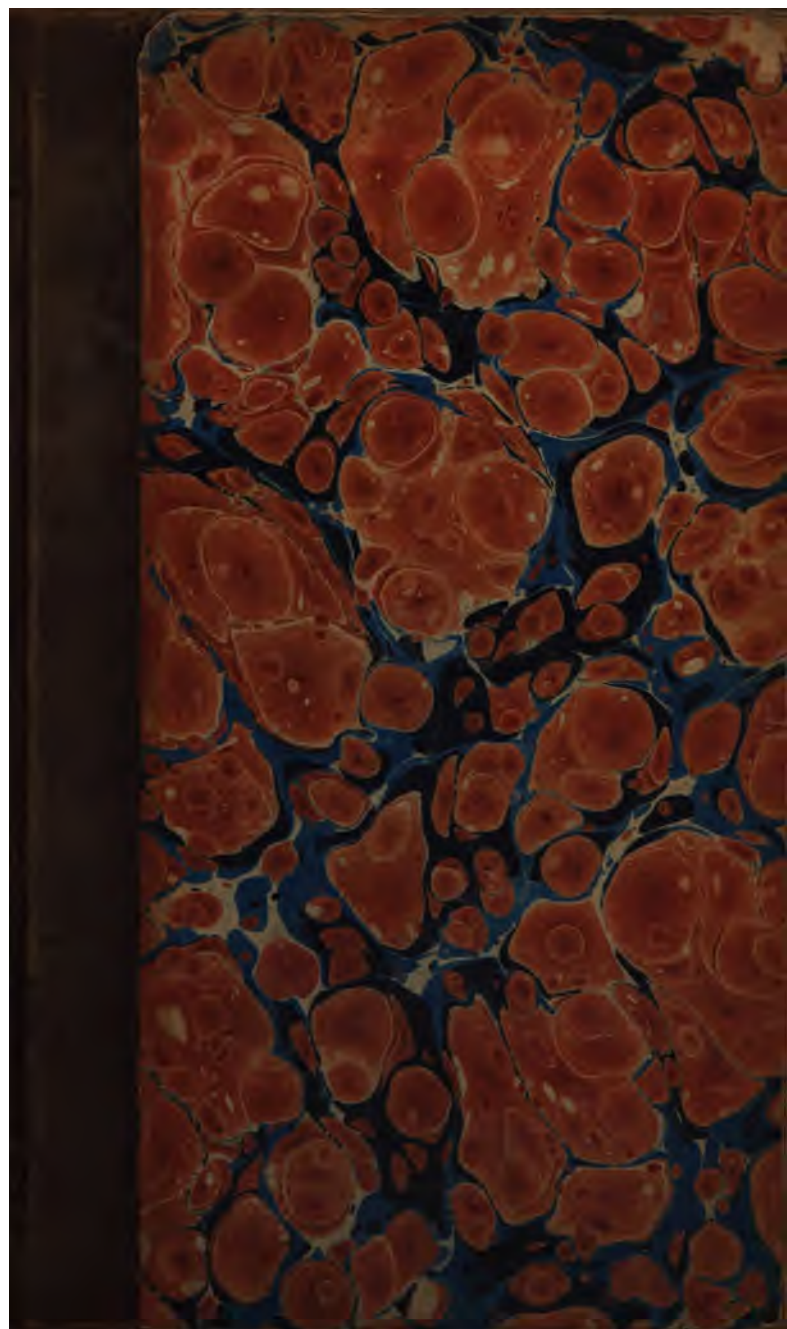
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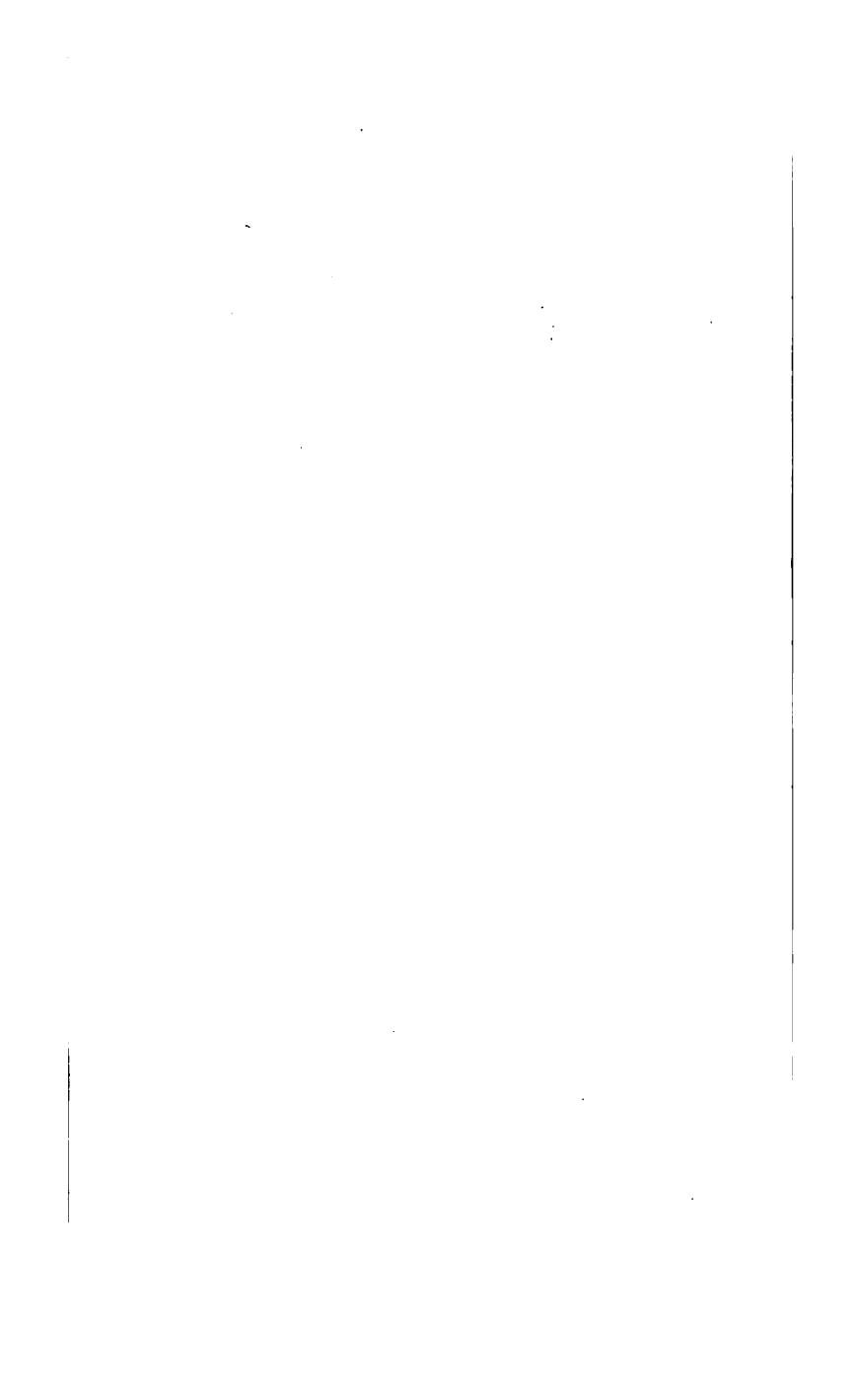
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NAVAL PROGRESSION,  
OR  
THE MIDSHIPMAN  
OF THE  
OLD SCHOOL.

---

BY PHILONAUTA.

---

“ Mix kindness with reproof, and reason with authority, so that thy admonitions take place in his heart, for the spirit of man is in him; severity and rigour may create fear, but cannot command his love.”

Speak of it as it was—  
Nothing exaggerate “ nor set down ought in malice.”

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**J. Brimmer, Printer, 10, Clarence Street, Regent's Park.**

## PREFACE.

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LET the wicked draw the Devil and the good pourtray virtue, for it is not possible to give any criterion to judge of the true life of the Midshipman, without alluding to indign punishment, immunity and profanation, which are calculated to make him both a blackguard and a tyrant; and this is the reason why he assumes a virtue—when he has it not—in that society on shore which will not tolerate any notoriety of bad conduct. “Those virtues of mere worldly prudence, although they change are better than none, and may lead to religious virtues which do not change.” The late Lord Byron did say, with regard to Lucifer, “It was difficult for me to make him talk like a clergyman upon the same subjects, but I have done what I could to restrain him within the bounds of spiritual politeness.” But what appears to have been fruitless with the Devil does not appear altogether hopeless with the Midshipman, since he can refrain from evil when he finds it indispensable.

Having alluded to some nuisances and abuses too prevalent in the “old school,” and which among the improvements in the new school it will be judicious to avoid, and wise not to bevaunting in any wanton vanity; for the new school has yet to recommend itself to the world in a sanguinary ordeal!! which the “old school”

## PREFACE.

with all its disadvantages has done, and gained for England her acknowledged pre-eminence on the ocean, which shields the "old school" from any reproach the term would otherwise seem to imply. A period of five-and-twenty years has elapsed since the termination of the war—a time sufficient to be called a new era ! Though since the death of Nelson scarcely anything of moment has occurred afloat, save at Navarino, Algiers, &c., but the improvements both by land and sea are wonderful. The advancement in science has given an impetus to maritime operations in the modern, or new, school, and therefore let it not be forgotten, that "to whom much is given, much is expected."

---

"There is danger in an illustration  
Not turning out a picture, but obscuration."

The Midshipman, unassisted by interest, appears to be entrapped only to be deceived, encouraged to serve six years in the vain hope of a lieutenancy, though he lays no claim to a commission until he has passed his probationary time, necessarily imposed upon to encounter the great responsibility in the charge of a national vessel. The lieutenants and commanders seem to be gulled with a hope of graduation in priority, when the majority of officers are invariably preferred through influence, almost to the exclusion of those officers who, to say the least, have a legitimate right to expect promotion by seniority—some have been promoted as infants in law, indeed as early as sixteen or seventeen years of age, to the rank of captains, which, taking the aggregate in life, is the head of the profession, when a period of forty years must elapse, ere they can become admirals. It is evident that those Flag-officers with sufficient energy for the service (save exceptions) were the favoured, a rank otherwise unattainable in life.

Senectude and puerility, though from different causes, produce the same effect.

But to select officers of acknowledged merit, and to promote them, however early in life, would excite emulation rather than jealousy !

# THE MIDSHIPMAN.



## THE ABLACTATION,

### OR WEANING.

FROM a consummation without joy,  
Which might be imagin'd with "Betty Foy,  
"The idiot mother of an idiot boy,"

Descended Fitz Alaric Rhone, a younger child,  
Of no putative, but of a lawful sire,  
Which name implies progeny from hire ;  
But Rhone was a legitimate of his father's loins,  
Wean'd from his mother, a wet nurse joins.

The disposition of the child was mild.  
Think not such offspring always oafish,  
Witless, a dolt, salacious, goatish ;  
The reflection of which would inevitably cloy,  
"When the father of a fool hath no joy."  
They are sometimes miraculously inspir'd  
With all the wisdom and energy requir'd,  
For mankind would rather greet abortion,  
Than human nature should suffer in distortion,

And vice ephemera, the creature of a day,  
And that aconite again moulder into clay.  
It is of later times I speak,  
Since the infant has forgot to squeak.  
Just breech'd, scarcely out of swaddling clothes,  
To a matron's school the urchin goes.  
During that infantile preparation  
Shot forth the germ of emulation.  
Thus in that favourite scion's found  
Something puisne—deem'd profound.  
A father's fit to be burnt in effigy  
Who thinks his silly son a prodigy,  
And *vice versa* is an absurdity  
When tenacious of his son's ability.  
Various schemes were form'd—some things given,  
When destin'd for the Church, insured's a living.  
From the abecedenary away he went,  
Then to a public school he's sent;  
Initiated in the first rudiments,  
The literature of sciences, the elements,  
Grammar, arithmetic, geometry,  
Rhetoric, logic, and astronomy;  
Corderii, Selectæ, Phædrus, Cæsar,  
With their attendant ferula—a teaser:  
The rules were not so simplified before,  
The slightest task became a bore,  
Scraps were scrawl'd, lessons said each matin—  
Enough, in fact, he had learnt latin!  
His satchel now is full of lore,  
More than his brainless head can store.

Pot-hooks and hangers, you 'll understand,  
Are sufficient for a hieroglyphic hand,  
Illegibly to scrawl out franks,\*  
Which in bills of exchange answer for blanks,  
Refus'd as protested bills in banks.  
How irksome 'twas to study for the Church ;  
In examinations, Rhone 's always in the lurch.  
Elsewhere he'd appear to have an education,  
Such as a sciolest, a smattering of all,  
With a superficial knowledge of nothing at all.  
Rhone relinquishes the Church for a profession,  
Or rather one was chosen for him,  
To 'scape the rod gratifies the whim.  
Alaric yields to the decision satisfied,  
With all parties th' arrangement 's ratified :  
In the break out o' war, there 's a glittering bait  
Which reconciles to an impending fate.  
The gold of Peru, on the liquid element,  
And the gems of Golconda a luring sediment,  
Ingots, dollars, and ducats, doubloons,  
Are the ballast in the caracs or gall'ons ;  
Which appear sufficient to cover the whole,  
And indemnify man for the loss of his soul.  
Give but the idea and the fortune 's made,  
It shocks the gent's son—the drudgery in trade—  
Forgetting that the prize in the lottery may fail,  
A blank in ideal fortune ever to bewail ;  
Which makes the poor gentleman an “ Earl of poverty,”  
A stalking pauper with no property.

\* Which puzzle the post-office.

Thus it is ordained—now mark this well—  
In seeking a secular advantage you're given hell.

### THE PREPARATION.

Fitz Alaric Rhone, who's taken for a prodigy,  
Is now metamorphos'd into a *protégé*.  
The unconscious lad is full of glee,  
Elate with joy, Rhone goes to sea.  
The first expense is rather heavy,  
To equip him for the royal navy.  
He kisses his sisters, embraces mamma,  
Ready to set off with papa.  
The family parting with the manikin's o'er,  
Who takes his departure in a chaise and four,  
At a bustling sea-port soon arrive,  
Where all seems pageantry—all is alive ;  
In dazzling uniforms, gorgeous regimentals;  
Where our hero's fitted with all the essentials.  
In requisition were the waggons and carts,  
And the infantry arriving from all parts ;  
An armament's equipping fast,  
The expedition sails at last,  
Favour'd by a slanting breeze,  
Receding from view a forest of masts,  
Which in the distance resembl'd trees  
Running foul of each other tangl'd and fast.  
Some were laden, and others were light,  
And fainter appear running out of sight ;

Fitz Alaric Rhone, in his nautical dress,  
A huge cock'd-hat and a little dirk,  
A flush on his cheek, a significant smirk,  
As a rated midshipman—nothing less.  
Mids were not always rated so soon,  
But Rhone had an aristocrat's boon.\*  
And is dubb'd Mister, no longer Master,  
Which elsewhere would create laughter,  
And 'scaping such a sad disaster,  
Becomes a subject for the poetaster.

Sojourning at the hotel, they breakfast there,  
The chamber-maids at the little midshipman stare,  
Bless and caress him as he runs down stairs,  
Telling him not to forget his prayers.  
He saunters about the town, looking everywhere.  
His friends from the tavern to the beach repair,  
Inquiring for Captain Tartar, o' his Majesty's ship  
Népenthe.

Far in the offing she is descried, at length  
They jump into a wherry—away it glides  
With Rhone, his father, and a friend besides.  
And as the skiff rapidly advances  
At the huge hulks Alaric glances,  
When the salt water *sans cérémonie* dash'd,  
Rhone and his friends got precious splash'd.  
Their "hearts are in their mouths," the scene not  
bright'ning;  
The drenching water and velocity's fright'ning.

\* "A corrupt system formerly prevailed of rating children in the royal navy as midshipmen a day or two after their birth."



As the ships of war gradually drew near,  
How prodigiously large they all appear  
With the huge hulks lessening in their rear.  
The intermediate space is tolerably wide,  
Where vessels ready for sea at a distance ride :  
From the " harbour's mouth "—ready to sail,  
Favour'd with a breeze or fresh'ning gale.  
Just as they were sheering along-side,  
The strangers appear more terrified—  
Fearing, as the ship rolls, 'twill sink the boat,  
Their pleasure 's damp'd by being afloat.  
With difficulty approach 'gainst the strength o' tide,  
'Tis dangerous also to ascend the vessel's side,  
With a hair-trunk, box, a large sea-chest,  
Stor'd with superfine chemise and vest.  
An officer interrogates the strangers' mission,  
Who is shown the candidate for a sea commission.  
Fitz Alaric Rhone 's receiv'd ; enter'd on the books ;  
Throng'd by a group how terrified he looks ;—  
The maritime philanthropy's so very strange,  
An uncouth, rude, miraculous change.  
Rhone doubts their friendship as they squeeze his hand,  
Accompanied by a vulgar epithet, " D——d  
" Fine little fellow, your sorrows are to come,"  
Sarcastically express'd and satirically done.  
They're shown o'er the vessel, view th' interior,  
Observe the etiquette 'tween an inferior and superior ;  
Amaz'd at her cannon, cordage, and iron balls,  
With which the war-ship an enemy enthrals ;  
The alacrity of the crew at the shrill whistling calls ;

Her ponderous spars and mighty masts,  
Which bear the canvas to resist the blasts.  
From the yards the sails were loosen'd, drying,  
In the act of furling with each other vying.  
Mr. Hector, the first lieutenant, hails !  
And Hotspur hurries 'em to roll up those sails.  
Stentor, the " boson," loudly bawls ;  
The boatswain's mates blow their shrilling calls ;  
The mates and midshipmen are in requisition,  
Differently disposed of—the latter in tuition ;  
Some in the tops, others on the mizen top-sail-yard,  
To whose delicate fingers the new sails are hard,  
The acres of canvas, which were loosen'd, furl'd  
To the utter astonishment of the gazing world.  
They're handed down to the younker's mess  
By an intricate passage too difficult to guess ;  
Crawling through the dormitories where they sleep  
In hammocks, like sacks slung at each end,  
To keep an equipoise on the briny deep,  
Which are difficult to get in you'd apprehend.  
While through the darken'd adit stalking  
In fear, they hesitate in walking.  
Stentorian voices made Rhone shudder,  
Or what they call at school blubber ;  
" Caution ! avast ! avast ! steward, a light !"  
Out jumps a servitor of the African race,  
With an oily glim that dims the sight,  
A luciferous refraction from Mungo's face ;  
And a further glimmering perplex'd the sight,  
'Twas the twinkling of the sentry's light,

Which bewilder'd 'em 'tween th' aufractious routes,  
'Twixt trunks, chests, cocked-hat boxes,  
Marines and sailors with their doxies ;  
For when in harbour all the avenues are jamm'd  
With all the refuse and the rubbish cramm'd,  
Casks, hampers, baskets, wine-cases, all,  
With a crowd of sailors " lugging at a fall,"  
Striking down or rousing liquor up,  
They'd sooner broach and take a sup.  
The fumes of the spirit-room affect their nerves ;  
They thought of the flitting light in swamps  
Or in church-yards, where putrefaction damps,  
Saw a shifting light where all was list—  
Where a yawning aperture seem'd a hope forlorn,  
'Twas not what they thought, Will-with-a-wisp,  
But it was Jack with a lanthorn.

To puzzle them more a third light serves,  
Suddenly dous'd, the hatches left luckily on,  
Or down in the hold all must have gone,  
Save those who dwell'd ever in the dark,  
Who knew the devious route without a spark.  
By " a break neck passage," I must own,  
Into the starboard berth they're shown.

Which remov'd all fear, clear'd up all doubts.  
They've a qualmish feeling, a singular sensation,  
Originating from the vessel's invert'd oscillation.  
Fitz Alaric Rhone.'s by all survey'd,  
His light and heavy baggage guag'd ;  
Rhone hears a phrase belonging to the breed,  
This d——d large chest must be razed,

Which does imply it will not do  
 Unless, in fact, it is cut in two.  
 Rhone's baggage is struck down in the hold,  
 To be seen once or twice a week, he's told.  
 The caterer takes Rhone by the hand,  
 Who's officiously kind ere the strangers land.  
 The whole, in fact, was ludicrously obsequious,  
 But the caterer is the most sequacious ;  
 The company's pleas'd with the maritime urbanity,  
 Which might be mistaken for insanity ;  
 A peculiar garrulity in stultiloquence,  
 An unintelligible nautic eloquence,  
 From characters marvellous in maudacity,\*  
 In nautical phrases, and obscene loquacity.  
 Courtesy's shown while the strangers are there,  
 With affected levity, sympathy, anxiety, care,  
 The strangers invite the young gentlemen to diné with  
     them,  
 Then take their leave—go on shore again.  
 Leaving young Rhone drown'd in tears,  
 And now resuscitates a thousand fears,  
 Which reminds the caterer of Rhone's infant years.  
 By what the artless youth does relate,  
 They " fathom " his connections, estimate his fate.  
 " You're born with a silver spoon in your mouth,"  
 The luxuries here may create a droughth ;  
 There's gooseberries in the main-top to be found,  
 Junk† and other varieties, rotten and sound ;

\* White lies.      † A name given to old rope, also to salt beef.

Told to entice the urchin to ascend the rigging,  
At whose tremour the young gentlemen are giggling  
The caterer was like an arch buccanier,  
Who was the treasurer, or sea financier,  
Which made an impression Rhone 'd ne'er forget,  
On finding himself with a queer set.  
'Though they behav'd tolerably—as yet,  
Fitz Alaric hears 'em technically speak  
A lingo in a peculiar twang,  
It was neither Latin, French, nor Greek,  
No other than a marine slang ;  
Like a young bear, surnam'd Bruin,  
Rhone's sorrow 'll be turn'd into ruin.  
The link of science now is broken,  
And all that is valuable forsaken ;  
When ethics is a doctrine estrang'd from all,  
Which never yet was nautical.  
What is the prototype of hell on earth,  
If it is not in a midshipman's berth?  
Where the prize was for vulgarism offered !  
And to the greatest blackguard proffered.  
Within this cabin, this ill-fated cell,  
His wretched doom 's six years to dwell,  
Or fourteen, sixteen, twenty years as well:  
There 's no certainty of promotion by the bye,  
But promises perform'd frequently with a lie,  
With longevity in his favour here he may die !  
Its description 'll appear hyberbolical describ'd by me,  
The picture of it in the Strand you'll see.\*

\* Some years ago it was to be seen in the Strand.

Yet this submarine receptacle of abuses,  
With all its evil has its uses.  
Here they become gradually deprav'd,  
Thus the more easily enslav'd ;  
Tho' the vessel may rove o'er the ocean,  
They're kept immur'd within her motion ;  
With no literary review, paper, gazette to read,  
Leading a life of slothful indolence\* indeed !  
Unletter'd and uninstructed. They are wise  
"Where ignorance is bliss,"—improvement they despise,  
Like feudal chiefs in their own locality,  
Where comity is an uncouth urbanity,  
Ignorant of the aborigines, you can have no notion  
Of that vernacular tribe indigenous to the ocean :  
Nor can one give but an adumbration,  
Not even with a fertile imagination :  
Neither conceive what its pristine inmates were—  
An eccentric race breathing an impure air,  
Depriv'd of day-light, innur'd to privation,  
With a paucity in all, save profanation !  
Too long innur'd, in obscuraton  
Was a leading feature to their aberration.

## THE MARITIME BANQUET,

## OR SEA-FEAST.

Hark to the various whistles without a bawl,  
The summons to dinner is the peculiar call.

\* An historical and select circulating library is advised.

Now the ship 's in harbour you shall have a specimen  
Of the appropriate cock-pit regimen,  
For when the vessel gets to sea  
A deficiency of luxuries there must be.  
And now, Gentlemen, you shall have a treat,  
No banyan-days, when there's an odd substitute for meat.  
Broken glasses, crack'd crockery 's on the table laid,  
Ship's allowance, and other extras made  
In harbour, for which they dearly pay,  
Tho' dainties are discover'd on a festive day :  
Of which you shall have a bill of fare,  
As those delicacies are so very rare.  
Soft bread, which is nautically yclept soft-tack,  
Of the bum-boat fare there 's seldom any lack.  
All the sodden'd and tough things from the shore  
Are enhanc'd in value double price or more ;  
Salt beef, salt pork, and a smoking duff,  
The doughy globe seems quite enough.  
Roast mutton, tainted to imitate venison,  
An exotic flavour recommended to the denizen,  
Or the strange guests who may dine with them,  
For they have company now and then ;  
White soup, black soup, and " soup de cong,  
" One bucket of water to one onion."  
Vermiculous,\* which is term'd vermicelli,  
Thicken'd with maggots, mix'd into a jelly,  
Pease squeez'd, which is call'd dog's-body,  
After the canine intestines, to entice  
Some to leave it for those who think it nice.

\* When the sweepings of the bread-room are boiled, the grubs, weavles, &c. float.

Potatoes together with salt-fish jamm'd,  
And this dish is nam'd twice laid,  
From its being so peculiarly made,  
A luxury with which you may be cramm'd:  
Swipes, alegar, grog, flip, and toddy,  
Choice liquids given to wash 'em down,  
With which you may be reconcil'd or frown.  
Game, stinking birds, and creeping cheese,  
Sent from the Franklin the mids to please—  
Occasionally a dessert accompany these ;  
And this opiparous meal is eaten with a zest ;  
The novitiate is in accubation with the rest.  
There is enough substantial of what is edible,  
A scarcity of side dishes, and of vegetable.  
In this refectory the meat's oft' grabb'd at,  
And those who get none only laugh'd at :  
Nor is the battle given to the strong,  
It requires a knack to be adepts in the wrong.  
Pea-coffee with milk, which curdles in the tea,  
Showing it is not so fresh as it ought to be ;  
They recommend, as the thing does seem,  
Calling it by the appellation of clotted cream.  
Fine names in fact to recommend the worst,  
Is a duplicity with which this world is curst.  
What a contrast 'tis to a regimental mess,  
Where there's elegance, etiquette, address ;  
Sumptuous tables garnish'd with luxury,  
Viands, and the choicest liquids, by the bye,  
Claret, champagne, port, and sherry,  
Which, if it does not intoxicate, makes 'em merry.



But the mids' fare is suited to their manner,  
They were never meant to be fed on manna.  
The marine seneschal's skill'd in opsonation,  
Provides murphies, butter, a quantity of tea,  
A private stock, as the case may be,  
And this is his peculiar avocation.  
A case of liquor's often kept to bribe  
The poulterer, *alias* "Jemmy Ducks," they suborn  
To perforate fowls with a needle in the head,  
His perquisite, on which the mids were fed,  
The kill'd fowls were latterly inspected,  
And the fam'd poulterer suspected  
Of an ingannation I will not describe :  
Thus Jemmy Ducks is threaten'd to be flogg'd,  
At any rate mulct of his grog.  
And the mids reduc'd to their pickl'd prog.  
With the midshipmen purloining a virtue's deem'd,  
Or so in the middle watch it seem'd ;  
Groping in the dark for whatever they can find,  
Robbing the safes of fowls, fresh meat of any kind,  
And the swinging tables of almonds and raisins,  
And of a choice dessert at various seasons ;\*  
Impunity encourages this audacious horde,  
Which should be punish'd as larceny on board.  
Good provisions may in store be injur'd,  
And the zest for the nicest hinder'd.  
When their beef's too tough, pork too fat,  
Wine too sour, and beer too flat,  
Biscuit flinty, soft, or like pumice stone,  
Caus'd by weavles, honey-comb'd by grubs alone.

\* When at school in the fore-cabin.

Water brackish, lixivial, turbid, noxious,  
Nor is this statement at all preposterous ;  
But tho' the contrast may be great with them,  
Who once were fed better than the men,  
This truth should not extenuate the crime  
When the crew suffer for such a length of time,  
And are most severely flogg'd for committing theft,  
Tho' of every privilege and luxury bereft.

## THE DEPARTURE.

Hear ! the call,\* and the voice louder bawl'd,  
"Twas then on deck all hands were call'd,  
Running every one here and there,  
Confusion's appearing everywhere.  
Rhone sees women, sitting, selling buns,  
And tarts and gingerbread 'tween the guns.  
And others alongside for sale,  
A traffic of an immoral tale.  
Her sails are bent, all is prepar'd,  
Provision'd, stor'd, the decks are clear'd,  
E'en the lovely damsels are sent on shore.  
Hoist in her boats ! the ship " unmoor !"  
The " skipper" 's on board, the anchor 's weigh'd,  
Out of the haven the vessel sail'd.  
Rhone sighs and sickens with her motion,  
Of whose sorrow we have no notion ;  
Laugh'd at and unpitied the stripling lays  
Tumbling and tossing about for several days ;

\* A nautic or sea-whistle.

Thinking of home he begins to fret,  
There 's no relief from distress as yet ;  
The ship's accommodated to varying gales,  
By making and by short'ning sails.  
When the storm was raging high,  
Young Alaric Rhone hove many a sigh,  
O'er crested billows vivid lightnings sped,  
Fitz Alaric felt an innate dread.  
Where murky tempest threaten to o'erwhelm  
With dangers warning now and then,  
Thinks the crepitation of the straining plank  
Would gnaw her through until she sank ;  
The sea strikes her a violent shock,  
Rhone fancies her on some fatal rock,  
Her very timbers yearn'd and groan'd,  
The affrighted youth sigh'd and moan'd.  
With a meteor flame there 's a zigzag flash,  
And sulphureous bolts, 'midst thunder's crash,  
Descend on the earth with a dead'ning dash,  
Or in the undulating water splash ;  
Actually astounding the whole creation,  
Threat'ning all with involuntary cremation ;  
Burning the sails, shattering the mast,  
All but your seamen stand aghast,  
Low'ring clouds, wild torrents rushing on,  
As the boisterous waves run along.  
Swollen, precocious, curl, break, and roar,  
Threat'ning destruction, as avalanches do on shore,\*

\* In Switzerland, &c,

When the liquid element yearns yawning wide,  
The vessel subservient lays down her side,  
Then rolls and reels as if with joy,  
Which nauseous motion does annoy.  
High on the yards "ship-men," are tost—  
With half that motion "landsmen" are lost.  
Who rescues the bark from danger then?  
Why undervalue such men as them?  
Who fight for their country and for you,  
Gain for you the guerdon you deem your due;  
When the thick clouds obscure the sun,  
Calculate, and by the dead reckoning run,  
For the foam dissolves in the trackless way,  
Save in her wake a fathom or two of spray:  
No mile-stone, finger-post, nor hedge is seen,  
Nor any marks to steer between.  
Fitz Alaric's now station'd in the mizen top,  
Which is as dangerous as "Jack Ketch's drop;"  
He may slip through, if he cannot stand,  
And in the "bite of a rope"\* be hanged.  
Alaric's still in fear—in great alarm,—  
As the vessel's rolling in an undulating calm;  
With all her canvas spread, at the water's will,  
She's actually rolling "gunwale under" still.  
From the vast sea's depth and ground swell,  
Straining the yarn, wearing the canvas out as well,  
The catspaws, increasing on the larboard quarter,  
Are the harbingers of air crisping the water.  
Adverse winds how much they harass,  
With Coxodromic sailing, "Tom Cox's traverse,"

\* The slatch.

To splice, knot, point, strop a block,  
 Worm, marle, paursel, grease, and tar,  
 Are all essential in a man o' war,  
 Which to the fastidious is a noxious shock.  
 The effluvia from the bilge-water 's essence enough,  
 Like the escape of gas, very offensive,  
 Putting th' olfactory nerves on the defensive,  
 With *eau de Cologne*, lavender, and scented snuff.

### THE INCHOATION,

OR FIRST DUTY.

In the naumachy, or a mock sea-fight,  
 The idea of powder-monkey\* creates a fright.  
 Rhone 's now subject to a rougher treatment,  
 The gradual tempering to abasement ;  
 Learns the marine slang and ribaldry,  
 Ocean's glory, and sea chivalry,  
 Correcting watch-bills, making up his log,  
 Which is a substitute for his decalogue,†  
 What has he forfeited to escape the rod,  
 When in worshipping Satan he 's forgotten God ?  
 Thus, losing all that is valuable to man,  
 Fetters the mind which would expand.  
 Adieu to all such emulation,  
 Since to gain 's to lose one's education ;  
 Have they no substitute ?—yes, navigation

\* Young Rhone has a cartridge-box to haul up full and let down empty.

† Catechism.

A nautic or a sea geography,  
Oft studied ere they know orthography.  
From drudging lore they soar so high,  
And with their telescopes explore the sky ;  
When the constellations and the stars of heaven,  
Shed on ocean the blessed effulgence given ;  
The cynosure directs the mariner on his way,  
And the glorious sun points out mid-day,  
Within the celestial menage there are  
The ram, the bull, the goat, and bear,  
They bring in contact the celestial limbs.  
Sol's with Luna's luminary rims.  
Work lunas, azamuths and amplitudes,  
All which are done from vicissitudes ;  
Hourly measure and calculate her rate,  
Then prick off the chart her insulated state,  
Ignorant of the Syrtis, that fatal rock,  
Which sooner or later gives a shock ;—  
How galling is that fatal check  
When the human mind is found a wreck,  
Which is said in man to be illimitable.

Fitz Alaric has a circumscrib'd capacity,  
Tho' Rhone's acquirements are not enviable.

He is even presumptuous to an audacity,  
For " where the judgments weak the prejudice is strong."  
Also with those immur'd in their localities too long,  
Tenacious to prejudice is the local clan,  
Which curbs the freedom in the natural man.  
The nautic manœuvres and practical evolutions  
Are trying, even dangerous, to the constitutions ;

Infinitely more so than the lucubrations  
Is the necessity there is for excubations.  
Hard's the duty in three watches—worse watch and  
watch—

Expos'd to the elements without a thatch,  
Save a hurricane-house, built by stealth,  
Which if the captain sees the worse for himself.  
Hundreds of miles between the masts he walked,  
Of wearing, tacking, trimming, sailing talk'd ;  
In an usual cruize the monotony o' scene  
Excites ennui, fever, and the spleen :  
Years expended in this dull career  
Satiates thick'ning like this atmosphere.  
Reliev'd by the chase or chang'd by action,  
Otherwise in harbour in an odd vacation,  
With women, the play, and tavern recreation.  
Drinking and swearing without cessation,  
Which reconciles 'em to their peculiar situation.  
It rivets in fact the non-restraint,  
In the advantage of which he 's quaint.  
He dines in the cabin or ward-room once a week,  
And is taciturn, where they scarcely speak.  
The marine recusants in their chrysalis are chang'd,  
Intoxicated with their rank, perchance derang'd,  
Or drank wine enough to make 'em sour,  
And beat to quarters in the following hour.  
The practical duty is thus begun,  
Exercise the guns, reef, hand, and stow,  
Start and black list, shackle in irons below,  
Pipe down the hammocks, when all is done.

At half-past eleven next day they flog,  
Then pipe to dinner, afterwards to grog.  
Some flogged, when wild beasts prowled for prey,  
At mid-night, independant of the day,  
Or just when the marine top-arch inclines,  
For real or for imaginary crimes ;  
If a man got drunk with his own grog  
His messmates were liable to be arraign'd and flogg'd.  
Captains of the tops, boat's crews have been flogg'd for others  
And borne with, rather than impeach their brothers ;  
Even the innocent cannot then escape,  
When, for the fault of one, all are in a scrape.\*  
It was left to the whim, unfortunately to the disposition,  
At pleasure to order the vile infliction,  
By men of very different temperaments,  
Rivals in command holding opposite sentiments.  
Where one man met with true philanthropy,  
Others were liable to meet misanthropy.  
But starting was a subdolous punishment which awaits  
The infliction by one, two, or three boatswain's-mates :  
The degrees of comparison given in suggestion,  
Amhidextrously with ropes' ends, a maritime maculation,  
Which ineffable barbarism of ancient times  
Was serv'd out brutally for less than crimes.  
Some were taken forward, and started for stealth,  
When the skipper 's suppos'd to be slumbering himself ;  
Thus lieutenants, mates, and midshipmen laud it,

\* It is true the commanders of vessels of war have invested in them a prerogative to flog, but it does seem cruel that the innocent should suffer for the guilty—which discovers a bulimy for flogging. The captains are as maritime-adjutants in overseeing punishments.



Indulging in a preter-legal act, not recorded,\*  
 And why indulge in such mal-practices —  
 From caprice, from passion, for nautic inaccuracies.  
 Too dexterously they play'd the brutal part,  
 Who kept ropes' ends purposely to start.†  
 The men driven on as a human team,  
 With the top-sail-haulyards,‡—thus it would seem  
 Doubtful to believe starting obsolete,  
 Which has been cherished for ages in the fleet;  
 'Tis a vicious prescription, an impure ingredient,  
 "For when evil is design'd, secrecy is expedient."  
 Why surfeit us with such stuff? how very absurd!  
 "You know we never mention it, it's name is never  
 heard."

But this is a truth which will prove in part,  
 That the tender may become an obdurate heart;  
 And render men callous, cruel, base, and vile,  
 Instead of reasonably strict, humane, and mild.

\* The mates and midshipmen did formerly carry ropes' ends (yclept colts) in their pockets, which they used at pleasure. The captains and lieutenants order, similarly, the suggilations in starting, inflicted by the boatswain's mates.

† "When I entered the service the discipline was truly horrible, and the individual instances of severity appalling to reflect upon in modern time, in a fiendish wantonness in slashing the crew."—*From the Annual Biography and Obituary for the years 1830 and 1831.*

‡ The men congregate at one point to lay hold of the ropes' following each other in quick succession. The order given to hoist away, the boatswain's mates, *alias* mariner drivers, "slash away." An inhuman and cruel custom.

In vessels where this ineffable barbarism 's prohibited,  
 These cruel exhibitions were not exhibited ;  
 But where it was allow'd, it was in addition  
 To the most barbarous penal-code punishment,  
 Often at the whim of a tyrannical disposition,

Where there might have lurk'd a special spite,  
 Or where false conceptions were imagin'd right,  
 And reap'd an "unprofitable revenge" by a mal-infliction.  
 When auxiliary knots were attach'd to the naval-cat,  
 What think you of the maritime philanthropy in that ?  
 When the thieves'-cat, Grimalkin's grown beyond the  
     laws,

And become a favourite from his lancinating claws.  
 A curse to the service are these odious innovations,  
 Mistaken for national are the professional degradations.\*  
 There 's a lawful punishment horrible to analyze or repeat,  
 Known by the name of "Flogging round the Fleet,"†  
*Alias* by "instalments." A general court-martial metes,  
 Which punishment the blood-thirsty only greets :  
 Surely it was no legislative will  
 To let the cat-o'-nine-tails kill—  
 Since an act to protect the brute has pass'd,  
 No flagitious code can ever last.

" Since nature prompts to punish with severity,"

The humane will urge and recommend

\* " Our juries sometimes afford a salutary lesson, and relieve the national character from the obliquy of sanctioning the brutal system of enforcing obedience by actual torture."

† Flogging round the fleet, though expressed in the singular number, is always a plurality of floggings for one crime with awkward and uncertain intervals, arising from distance, wind, tide, &c.

" Punishment, not to destroy, but to amend,"\*  
 Which will be borne with due serenity.  
 The object should be the prevention of crime,  
     By a salutary terror to produce attrition,  
 E'en the lowest degree of sorrow in time  
     May have the effect in due submission.  
 Forty stripes are allow'd to be given in Scripture,†  
 Who gives many beyond 's deem'd a vile inflictor.  
 The tyrannical faction 's shown some sagacity  
 By governing cruelly an incapacity.  
 What in extenuation can possibly be said ?  
     Sensibility 's obliterated, the perfection of our nature,  
     When we have no feeling for our fellow-creature,  
 Philanthropy is defunct!!! and sympathy is dead!!!  
 Now the rational man will cease to wonder,  
 When the consanguinity with virtue is cut asunder.  
 How many have sought thro' rank to rise,  
 And to inflict on others such agonies.  
 Who exult in the callousness o' their nature,  
 Torturing unmov'd their fellow-creature,  
 " Altho' some censorious friend will say,"  
 " What art thou better meddling fool than they ?"‡  
 Any excess of punishment should be diminish'd,  
 And the preter-legal acts extinguish'd.

\* " Experience has shown that those punishments alone are effectual which carry with them a large portion of public sympathy and feeling."

† Deut. xxv. 3.

‡ " Let no man deceive himself. If any man among you seemeth to be wise in this world, let him become a fool, that he may be wise."  
 —1 Corinthians, iii. 18.

## CROSSING THE LINE,

OR THE MARITIME INTRODUCTION INTO A SOUTHERN  
HEMISPHERE.

The Népenthe visited the various isles of which you've  
heard,

The Azores, Madeira, the Canaries, and Cape Verd;  
Lessening and reducing the latitude to naught,  
What an unsuspecting horde old Neptune caught !

The imaginary line they had to pass  
Was shown Rhone with a hair across a glass,  
The sonorous alarm from a hoarse bawl  
Electrified the crew it did enthrall.

Halloo ! Zouns ! Oh Lord ! Alas ! at length  
An infernal hailing o' his Majesty's ship Népenthe.  
Illumin'd by the link, torch, flambeau, barrel o' tar,  
Which blaz'd too near, now burns afar.

That floating light majestically pass'd  
'Till in the distance 'twas lost at last.

All now dread the following day,  
In preparation for the barbarous play ;  
With garish rays the morning shone,  
Scorching all beneath the sun ;

The main-yards square, the topsail's to the mast,

'Twas a mystery how the sea-god enter'd,

A temerarious group around him ventur'd,

Reciprocal compliments quickly pass'd,

And assurances given so very odd,—

Hoist the colours, and greet the watery-god :

And Amphitrite, his languishing wife,  
Who appear'd form'd for conjugal strife.  
The ghastly visages of the human team  
Made the obdurate laugh and the timid scream—  
Looking like ancient Britons—daubed, denuded,  
Save around their loins where they're "woulded ;"  
With a ragged scarf thrown carelessly around,  
Or a ruder baldric with which they're bound ;  
Running along the gangway with the sea-god's car,  
Which resembled a rude phaeton of war.  
His sceptre 's a rough stick with three prongs ;  
The artizans with razors, clippers, tongs.  
Neptune and Amphitrite soon take their stations,  
To witness the harsh and cruel operations.  
A schedule or list 's given from the ship's books,  
Through which the arch-chief's secretary looks,—  
To call the names o'er one by one,  
There 's no escape for any man.  
The officers are put under contributions,  
They lavishly pay, fearing retributions ;  
Tho' liable to be sous'd as if they would ignite,  
And set the vessel in a blaze of light.  
Whoe'er had pass'd the equinoctial line  
Was free in the roughest sport to join ;  
The functionaries interrogate and scrutinize,  
Who prove the truth by discovering lies.  
Told, to 'scape being scalp'd, shorn, or shav'd.  
And feel a respite like a felon sav'd,  
The pumps are rigg'd, the engine 's in requisition,  
The vessel 's saturated, tops, boats fill'd with water ;

Many make wry faces, who were inclin'd to laughter,  
Dreading the maritime inquisition.  
In the launch are *tonsieurs*, *friseurs*, barbers, shavers, all  
Attending each customer, at the huer's call ;  
Blind, naked to the waist, seated on the thwart,  
To whom a thousand fears resuscitate in thought ;  
The smooth and jagg'd razor with scented lather bring,  
The nastiest that is made is the better thing.  
They " fist " the proboscis, and chuck up the chin,  
Thus all is prepar'd ready to begin.  
They lather away *sans* compunction,  
On their faces smear the noxious unction ;  
Half smothering 'em with the fetid stuff,  
Botching their faces with an iron hoop too rough,  
Which makes 'em grin, leer, and distort their faces,  
With yawning mouths in their wild grimaces ;  
Dab the brush into the apertures in lieu of " quids,"  
Which keeps open the jaws as well as " fids."  
The fearful become rash and shew themselves audacious,  
By putting themselves in attitudes quite pugnacious.  
A " horse laugh " oft encourages, excites an emulation,  
And produces patience enough to bear the operation.  
They then apply the trumpet to the fellow's mouth,  
To slake the putridity that occasions drought,  
Just as a funnel is put into a bottle,  
And with a bucket of water the poor devil-throttle.  
Unbind the eyes, and venting compassion the man  
submerge,  
Then with the elixir of salt water purge.  
Thus is the imagin'd idea realiz'd,  
Of the darkly enlighten'd, barbarously civiliz'd.

Which is a modern specimen of crossing the line,  
Where the whole in this marine hilarity join ;  
The rude pageantry in immanity grotesque,  
Which is in reality a maritime burlesque.

## CHRYSLIS,

### OR CHANGE.

Even the young midddy, once gay and free,  
A stranger to all subtlety,  
Generous as the wind, light as air,  
Like a school-boy free from care,  
Rhone's once tender heart is tough,  
Mild disposition morose and rough,  
Having the roving latitude of man  
Perfection'd in iniquity and the vulgar slang ;  
Whose mouth is, like a volcanic crater,  
Emitting putridity, foam, and vapour,  
Occasionally liable to a d——d irruption,  
Which is better smother'd in its own exustion.  
Who can expect eloquence to flow  
From such a blackguard set below ?  
How does he appear in his own eyes,  
Who vied in obscenity and gain'd the prize ?  
And the professors, who taught him well,  
Were they not the demoniac agents of hell ?  
And those who were judges to decide his merit,  
For what odiousness must they be given credit,  
Who award the gifts such hell-hounds may inherit !

Rhone casts off the slough, the exuviæ shell  
Partaking of a responsibility as well.  
Demon and Stygion were Rhone's comrades then,  
Nor need any one envy the company of such men.  
Think it not ironical or an unjust encomium,  
To denominate the cock-pit a Pandemonium.  
Thus wean'd from science, plac'd in a school for scandal,  
To work their plenitude without a candle,  
Save the "purser's dips"—dips of rush-light glare,  
Which made, in fact, the purblind stare—  
With some exceptions to the general rule,  
It makes one clever—the other a fool.  
Forgetting the rudiments learnt at school,  
Rapidly becoming a young reprobate,  
Which doubtless he'll rue when 't is too late.  
"Loblollyboys" were the sub-chirurgeons then,  
Who were quacks, charlatans, uneducated men ;  
But the surgeon's-assistant, as an educated man,  
Must pity those given to the vulgar slang,  
Which deteriorates so much the character in man.  
When worse than heathens were pent up together,  
In obscenity and wickedness vying with each other.  
In public schools there is a dire evil,  
Where the elder lead the younger to the devil,  
In the absence of those who impose restraint—  
A very sad picture it is to paint.  
On board ship it is infinitely worse,  
In dire subjection to th' Almighty's curse!!  
From a sad depravity in human life,  
For all that's horrible unfortunately rife,



The wicked suborn, and the daring imitate,  
In the corruption of morals each other emulate.  
Precocious with an insatiable desire,  
An inordinate passion, a libidinous fire,  
Lur'd by meretricious smiles, powerful temptations,\*  
An impetuous torrent of unrestrain'd inclinations  
"Carries away" the barrier of feeble resolutions,  
And plays the devil with their constitutions.  
Alienated from God through nescience within,  
When indulging in sensuality's thought no sin.  
E'en when the spirit's willing the flesh is weak,  
And hurries 'em on to the hellish freak.  
When "the reptile parts will reunite,  
Tho' keenest weapons sever;  
The whore and rogue who fight to night,  
To-morrow come together."

These flatter themselves they'll repent at leisure,  
When conscience warns—that inestimable treasure,  
Which endeavours to awaken 'em ere 'tis too late,  
And quickens 'em in a conflict at "eternity's gate;" -  
"Before they're the lovers of the good old school,  
Who still become more constant as they cool,  
Or govern their passions as life wears away,  
Wielding their reason with absolute away;"  
Where the merit is due to a climacteric change,  
The disposition is prone to a similar range.  
Who when all their iniquitous machinations were brewing,  
Might have been cut off, and hurl'd into everlasting ruin,

\* The elder midshipmen had women on board in harbour,  
which was an introduction to the young gentlemen.

Or left lingering, diseas'd, piteous objects of scorn,  
Trembling on the brink of a grave forlorn.  
The wicked who indulge in an ostentatious vanity,  
Are punish'd for presumptuousness with severity.  
Tho' eternal consequences are mercifully prevented,  
By that miraculous change not to be defin'd,  
The soul-elevating scenery of the mind  
May be better imagin'd than represented ;  
The force of truth in Christianity confessing,  
That the " blight in society " may become a blessing.  
Circumstances politically have chang'd,  
They now in the Atlantic, and the Pacific rang'd,  
Rio Janeiro, Valparaiso, India, the Cape, all,  
Whose genial climes the energies enthral,  
Invite and reconcile them to be lazy,  
Hypochondriac, quarrelsome and crazy.  
Gradually to laziness the disposition leans,  
Convey'd about, lolling, or laying in palanquins :  
Otherwise in dalliance all the afternoon,  
In the evenings at the opera, gaming-house, saloon.  
The extraordinary amusements in each harbour  
Invite to anything rather than to labour,  
In an exotic apathy getting plethoric  
At the idea of industry—choleric.  
And thus we 're reconcil'd to indolence and ease  
A slothfulness censur'd in the Portuguese.  
Adieu to the luxuries in the Southern Seas,  
For all are hardships when compar'd to these.

THE  
ARRIVAL, EQUIPMENT AND DEPARTURE.

Returning from the Pacific, Indian and th' Atlantic seas,  
Favour'd with the trades or with a slanting breeze,  
From a variety of presages study the barometer,  
Work the dead reck'nings and chronometer,  
Struggling over the spacious seas  
With gentle zephyrs or a violent breeze,  
Mackerel, rough'ning, or gentle gales,  
Which tries the flimsiness in sails .  
Look for the land the continent they near.

Anxious, the master now looks out,  
Prepare and get the deep-sea-lead clear,  
With him 's the responsibility, anxiety, doubt,  
The reck'ning 's from the sounding 's discover'd right,  
And hail'd's the deck that land 's in sight.  
A revolving pharos is at a distance seen,  
Far from land, there 's a passage between,  
And at the opposite side afar  
Stationary lights and a triluminar,  
Procellous, intermittent, a rattling breeze  
Their noses and finger ends now freeze.\*  
The clouds disperse and morn dawns bright,  
The wish'd for haven 's now in sight  
Which from years absence gave delight.  
Three years is a limited foreign station,  
During the war there 's no settled termination.  
In different places they'd periodically been  
And a macrocosm in variety seen,

\* In the Chops of the Channel.

Finer in climate, richer in the produce of seasons,  
The duller atmosphere 's preferr'd for substantial reasons;  
Their natural and legitimate homes  
Were not in the Antarctic nor Torrid Zones.  
When approaching the harbour—running into port,  
An edacity 's seen for the usual sport,  
Even while the vessel yet stems the tide,  
Boats fill'd with women are alongside ;  
A practice deem'd necessary for the men,  
Who only get on shore now and then.  
The lead is going as the ship 's drawing near,  
The Népenthe is descried from off the pier.  
“ Stream the buoy,” let go the anchor, she 's brought up!  
Furl, stow, unbend the running gear, moor,  
The ship 's now stationary as before.  
Later then usual they pipe to sup ;  
Let the women in, who 're married by confarreation,  
Chewing a biscuit together 's the easiest solemnization.  
The telegraph made the Népenthe 's report,  
Which orders her from the road into port,  
Unbend the sails, coil up, and stop the running gear,  
And strip the vessel to the gantlines here.  
Artists can group what authors tell in detail,  
A recapitulation of “ dismantling ” would fail,  
It might protract—but nothing can avail—  
Only to make the thing tedious, irksome long,  
Ridiculously with intricacies to prolong,  
The senseless tenor in an hacknied song.  
The stores are on shore, stow'd in bulk,  
The ship 's company 's remov'd into a hulk.

## THE LEAVE.

Years were expended upon foreign stations,  
And long since Rhone 'd seen his relations.  
The ship 's in dock, Rhone gets a month's leave.  
He books himself by the mail that night,  
In London next morning Rhone did alight.  
The long lost sailor with pleasure they receive,  
Tho' his manner 's rough as a Russian bear,  
He 's uncouth to his sisters and rude to the fair ;  
His brother 's more elegant, polite, refin'd—  
Such comparisons stick in the midshipman's mind ;  
They pity his ignorance, he hates those who are polish'd,  
And wishes all refinement in society abolish'd.  
Rhone's introduc'd into the celsitude of society,  
And acquits himself with becoming propriety,  
At the ruelle, the soiree, the rout, and the ball,  
There met the prude, the coquette, the unnatural miss ;  
Who dar'd not be agreeable, nor sociably kind.  
Some young girls on a sofa Rhone 'd no objection to kiss ;  
Patricians, prelates, authors, lawyers there find ;  
Many gents in black breeches, fricaseed off  
With the toilet odour and powder puff,  
In bag-wigs, jewel and steel mounted swords  
Reflected in mirrors—seen crowding in hordes—  
Rhone 'd rather have been at the half-play than all.  
The parlours turn'd into confectionaries were sweet,  
How delightful to see the young ladies meet ;

There descending and ascending without restraints,  
The vision of Jacob Rhone's imagination paints,  
However beatific it may seem,  
The reality is better than a dream.

Lavolta, quadrilles, cotillions, th' ampheatric waltz,  
Where the lady reclining 's ta'en round the waist,  
Whose arm surrounds the gentleman with taste.  
While fastidious mammas were there finding faults,  
Altho' they envy, and are pleas'd with the foreign intro-  
duction,

Doubting whether or not 'twill lead to abduction,  
Who'd rather their daughters younger than mature—  
Unless the solemnization of marriage is sure.  
A pretty girl, it is true, may be a minx,  
And understand an ogler's language—winks ;  
The mothers and the chaperons might be ogling too,  
Tho' perchance imperceptibly to you.  
Buckram'd dowagers, starch'd dames playing at whist,  
With those antique ladies Rhone 'd ne'er enter'd the list.  
Invitations are issued a month before,  
To get a certain number you must ask many more.  
Fashionably one night Rhone visited all,  
Enter'd the crowded saloons, bowing to all,  
With a cock'd hat under his arm—rather small,  
Etiquette did not allow him to leave in the hall.  
Others with round hats taking up " elbow room,"  
Where ladies, half fainting, were ready to swoon.  
You 'd suppose Rhone 'd been at a royal marriage,  
In the state he arriv'd and left in a carriage.  
Three parties he visited during the night,  
Nor did he reach home until it was light.

At five in th' afternoon Rhone made a morning call—  
Carmine had been used—that evening adorning—  
The palid cheeks of those ladies in mourning,  
Who look'd rosy at night and bleach'd in the morning.  
The life Rhone led was latterly rough,  
Leaving his own cheeks cadaverous enough,  
Yet exercise gave a tint sufficient for all.  
The season's now over, the grandees leave town,  
And others live in the rear when their blinds are down.

### THE RETURN.

Rhone's now at an hotel, having left his relations,  
And at Somerset House pass'd the examinations.\*  
Then hastily quits the superlative society  
And mingles again with an uncouth variety.  
By a public coach Rhone hurries down,  
And again arrives at a sea-port town ;  
'Tis manifest, now, evidently shown,  
All Rhone's advantages are flown ;  
He alights, to breakfast, at a large hotel,  
Where his purse is lighten'd (not by the "swell"),  
Finds his ship ready for sea again,  
Strange anomalies occur now and then,  
They remov'd from the hulk long before,  
Rhone goes on board, then comes "a-shore,"

\* The examinations were necessary to be passed in London. Rhone, too long upon a foreign station, could not get home at the end of his six years, to pass !

The detail in fitting would be a bore.  
Rhone goes to the half-play ere he quits the shore,  
The whole of a tragedy would make him sad,  
As a comedy often makes him mad ;  
He saw on the stage an horizontal leg  
Whirl round the other as if on a pivot or a peg.  
The drapery which wraps in plaits did unfold,  
Discovering in form a symmetrical mould.  
Rhone 'd heard of angels' visits, few and far between,  
And thought of the actress more than of a queen.  
Rhone meets his shipmates again with glee,  
A gun is fir'd as a signal for sea ;  
Many shed tears at the cannon's roar,  
The Népen the sails from Britannia's shore.  
A charge of a watch Rhone 'd frequently had  
In the Atlantic, Southern, Indian seas, as a lad,  
Occasionally for trial, and in a necessitous case,  
Active and indefatigable, to energy given,  
For any special service Fitz Alaric 's chosen—  
A nautic nimbleness his captain could trace.  
Many years Rhone 'd been under the pendant,  
Ere he pass'd his examinations for a lieutenant.\*  
Now Rhone is given an acting order,  
A confirmation of that order 's necessary,  
For naval commissions are not hereditary,  
A confirmation of which would increase his ardour,  
Rather than supercede sending him back again,  
To the chagrin of himself, and laugh of the men,  
Such things do occur now and then.

\* His probationary time expired abroad.



Instead of giving him a legitimate right,  
Tormenting with hopes gives no delight—  
“ Hope deferr’d maketh the heart sick,”  
Which is the case with Fitz Alaric.  
To make a man of war is the anomaly,  
Into a troop-ship for some colony.  
On various stations Rhone had been,  
And on many occasions hard service seen,  
Which would be irksome in detail to tell,  
The sequel is, as the sentry says, “ all’s well.”  
A singular report some had got,  
For rapid promotion was to be a Scot,  
But that was not our hero’s lot,  
Oft acting promis’d but forgot.  
Superceded by younger rising o’er his head,  
Pondering upon such prospects with a dread,  
Frequently from the ward-room descending to his cell,  
For ten years more perchance to dwell.  
Kept in an inferior station to be of use,  
Protracted until he sees the abuse,  
Which was so frequently then in use ;  
Nor did commissions screen them from reproach,  
Captains abus’d their lieutenants and midshipmen too,  
Beyond civilization the commanders did encroach,  
Which gentlemen never ought to do.\*  
The only thing that made it less perfidious,  
Its coming from seniors immoral and irreligious.  
Sicken’d with the service, Rhone feels disgust,  
If ’twas bad to the thoughtless, to the reasoner worse,

\* “ The officers of the royal navy are all gentlemen by profession.”—*The Peerage of England*,

Abuse is neither sanction'd by law nor in society,\*  
 But was a maritime commendation to notoriety.  
 In some it was identical to their idiocrasy,  
 In patricians, plebeians, aristocracy and democracy.  
 What a bad impression it makes upon the young,  
 To be subject to the scurrility of a vulgar tongue,  
 Which was their deletion, rather than the cure  
 Of all the horrors they do endure.  
 Who'd brook the noxious if not initiated young?  
 For when awaken'd despair alone is wrung.  
 Now adieu to the cruel days of yore,  
 Since science issues through every pore.†  
 Precocious in fertility as from the heat of suns,  
 When knowledge from men's mouths, like lava, runs,  
 Disseminating intelligence from the margin sands,  
 From an enlighten'd metropolis to the verge of lands;  
 Crossing the ocean to transatlantic nations,  
 Superceding ignorance with civilizations.  
 In Europe is found the richest gem,  
 In the microcosm purer than in the diadem.‡  
 When first Rhone swore 'twas something like a lie,  
 Or so said conscience to him by the bye,  
 He expected, at least, censure for the crime,  
 Which impunity encourag'd, maturing it in time;

\* His Grace the Duke of Wellington did say abusive language, and ungentelemanly conduct are not sanctioned by law nor in society, and ought not to be tolerated in the military service.

† "Vice and a cultivated mind cannot individually or generally co-exist, they are antipathies, they are the antipodes of each other."

‡ Intellectual knowledge, religion, and the graces of mental nature.

This idea meliorates, not the only one, the first,  
Reconcil'd with a human hecatomb to be curst,  
In this mistaken imagination it is the worst ;  
Establishing infamy in a common fashion,  
Familiarizing every illegitimate transaction ;  
“ Compounding for sins they are inclin'd to,  
By d——g those they have no mind to.”  
The base “ by their own bushel measure others' corn,”  
With no such munificence were sapients born ;  
The former mercilessly level all mankind,  
The latter await the development of the mind.  
The midshipmen were not from flogging exempt—  
Truth 'gainst a superior's worse than contempt,  
“ For the greater the truth, the greater the libel,”  
Is contrary to the instruction in the Bible.  
“ Thus they prevaricate, quibble, cavil, lie,  
Screening the truth with some dexterity.  
So faith, fanatic faith, once wedded fast  
To some dear falsehood hugs it to the last.”  
Who dar'd, in fact, the truth to tell  
Of tyranny practis'd in an isolated hell ?  
Or dares to give a disquisition,  
On barbarism in a floating Inquisition ?  
“ Some were undaunted among the throng,  
Who disdain'd not truth to condemn the wrong ;”  
When fear controll'd their comrades in youth,  
Who dar'd not utter the voice of truth ;  
“ For who shall ever argument confute,  
Where power prevails, and no one dare dispute.  
“ Truth is more strange than fiction,”  
And lies are its temporary contradiction.

“ Oh ! what a tangl’d web we weave,  
When first we practice to deceive.”  
Hardships differ generally with their stations,  
Where some get amply, others feel privations.  
Transitions happen, which are felt in time,  
In the algid regions or in the calid clime,  
Parch’d with heat or drench’d with rain,  
Fatigued the sailors work again.  
At Lisbon they land the troops, and sail  
Towards the Mediterranean in a gale ;  
View Cadiz, Gibraltar, Ivica, and Malta,  
Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica, and Minorca :  
Again to th’ Adriatic, to Candia, Cyprus,  
Rhodes, th’ Archipelago, Milo, Lemnos.  
In that delightful sea, the variety and changes  
Scarcely divert—rather deranges—  
A mind form’d for Satanic ranges.  
Ennui is felt in Alaric’s peculiar state,  
A languor and indolence, drivelling into distaste ;  
A corroding, gnawing, melancholy reflection,  
Rous’d from a state of apathy to action.  
From an unusual lethargy and sadness,  
To an indignation, bordering on madness.  
How keenly felt is Alaric’s situation,  
When labell’d with the loss of education ;  
More than thrice his probationary time is pass’d,  
Rhone hesitates what to do at last.  
Bloated with misery, pregnant to precocity,  
It rends the pellicle of Rhone’s famosity  
In a celebrity too iniquitous for idiocy,  
Which is better buried in its vitiosity,

Than outrage the feelings by farther extracts,  
In an illustration of facinorous facts.  
Rather than return a burthen to his friends,  
Too often tragically this sequel ends.  
Infuriated, madden'd, goaded to distraction,  
In meditating his own destruction.  
Better late than never, a commission's gain'd,  
Tho' in mature adolescence it was obtain'd,  
The tardiness of which joy restrain'd.  
And this (ironically speaking) is the quintessence,  
When a subordinate rank is tainted with senescence.

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### THE SPECIMEN OF A GENUINE MAN-OF-WAR.

IN tyrannical ships, when not in revolt,  
'Twas rumour'd in battle they were at fault ;  
Firing unshotted guns, innocuous cannon,\*  
But not so 'tween the Chesapeak and Shannon ;  
The latter was a legitimate man-of-war,  
Mann'd with the essence of the British tar.  
Valour and worth on Sir Phillip's brow are stamp'd,  
It is such commanders brave Britons want.

\* Standing to their guns they yield, or were lukewarm in the cause, preferring to rid themselves of immunity as prisoners of war, and with the idea that "in death they rest from their labour."—By which an "unprofitable revenge" becomes a national loss.

For Broke your seamen will fight and die,  
Which shows the non-necessity of tyranny !!!\*

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### THE EFFECTS OF GOOD USAGE.

BEHOLD the adventurous and gallant Ross,  
Who thro' hyperborean regions led across  
A crew thro' immane peril, threat'ning death,  
At whose miraculous escape man wondereth ;  
Ross who 'd been accustom'd to the martial mode,  
Maintained good discipline without the penal code.†  
Which is manifest—despite of contradiction—  
It solves the desideratum with conviction !  
If the criterion given is acknowledg'd fair,  
It proves Britons may be led anywhere,  
And firmly rely'd on in every danger,  
Particularly where cruelty 's a stranger!!!‡

\* "Tyranny, though imagined wisdom by others, aided a hostile nation to destroy us. The cruelty practised in our maritime service helped to man the American navy."

† In Sir John Ross's latter voyage to the Arctic seas on board the Victory steamer, subsequently converted into a sailing vessel, as better suited for those inclement regions.

‡ "A frank, decided, and unanimous co-operation of all good subjects, and the vigorous efforts of the press, in so holy and glorious an object—the extenuation of tyranny, and the elevation of a salutary terror, will insure the gallantry of Britons."

## THE INVOCATION.

FROM the ladies who possess meekness, philanthropy and courage, emanates an unfeigned sympathy for the wretched suffering from the execrable torture of the lash, in a public denunciation of that cruel lincination, corporal punishment—to which those alone are liable who are enrolled for the defence of our country. Thus from the legitimate source of affection and love is addressed an appeal to man, not like that clamour which in rising spreads, and in the aerial gyre is lost in space, but more resembling that fervent prayer, which in sublevation soars as a reek to heaven, stealing upon the Omnipotent ear in supplication for the divine mercy. Even those who have borne in quiet the cruel grasp of tyrants themselves, do implore an extenuation in cruelty towards others, which is the very essence, the perfection in their nature, and for this purpose they were sent upon earth to sooth the ferocity in man.

Oh ! humane Britons, let not women weep nor wail,  
Shock'd with the truth in your sanguinary tale.

Their prayer to Heaven is responded to, and their appeal to man is revered on earth, when the national indignation is roused which dooms

“ Tyrants to some distant shore,  
Or solitary cell,  
Where none but savage monsters roar,  
Where love ne'er deign'd to dwell.”









